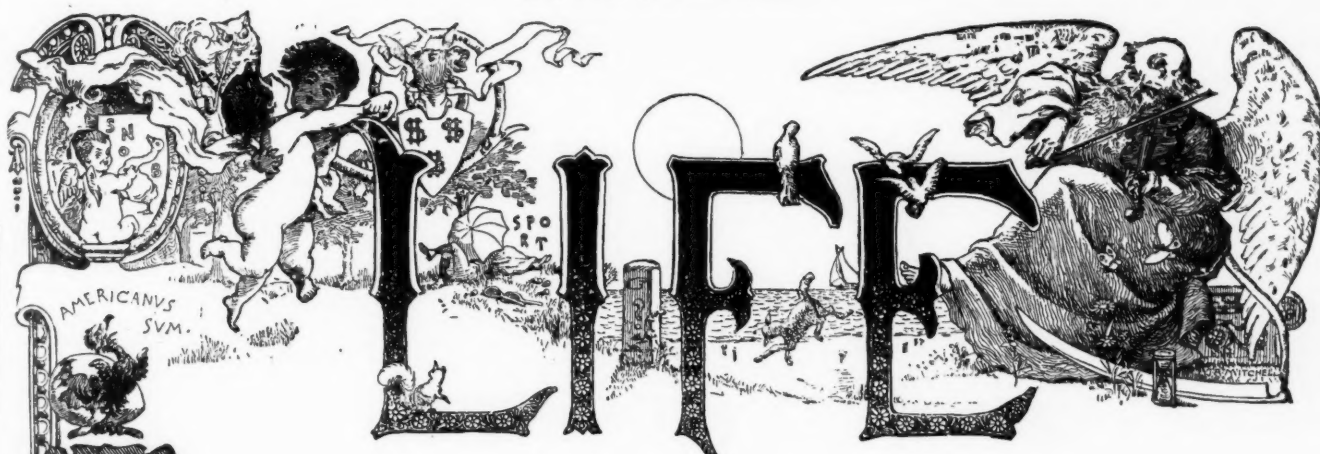


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She: WHY DO MEN GO WITHOUT OVERCOATS WHEN THEY NEED THEM, AND CATCH PNEUMONIA?
He: SOMETIMES AVUNCULAR ATTRACTION, SOMETIMES SARTORIAL FRIGIDITY, AND SOMETIMES BECAUSE THEY THINK IT IS THE THING.
She: WHAT'S AVUNCULAR ATTRACTION?
He: GIVING SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.
She: AND WHAT'S SARTORIAL FRIGIDITY?
He: THE RESULT OF GIVING NOTHING FOR SOMETHING.



FIT FOR A KING.

VERY GREEN.

SHE: Did your grandfather live to a green old age?

HE: Well, I should say so! He was buncoed three times after he was seventy.

A DREAM OF WEALTH.

"I'd like to be rich" said Tommy.

"How rich?" asked his sister.

"Oh," replied the young man, after some thought, "rich enough to wear my Sunday clothes every day."

HIS IDEAL.

"Do you hold fast to your ideals?" she asked.

"I would if I had a chance," he answered, softly. "You are mine."



A PAT SAYING.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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COLONEL OLIVER SUMNER TEALL'S proposed benefaction of 20,000 poor children at his Christmas show in the Madison Square Garden, finds critics this year as it did last season. Col. Teall, however, is inured to opposition, and cares scarcely more for critics than does Dr. Parkhurst himself. We are confident, therefore, that it will not abate his ardor one jot if LIFE suggests to him that Christmas, as a miscellaneous gift-enterprise, was already a little overdone before his movement began, and that his enterprise hardly seems adapted to help it. Nevertheless, the Garden show may turn out better than it promises. At any rate it will be watched by a public which admires to see children made happy, and if it does make children happy, it will be approved. It will not do though for Col. Teall to defend the show on the ground that it makes *him* happy, for that can be done in other ways at less expense.

IF there is any sentiment of compassion in the breast of Mrs. Maybrick, she will pull herself together and resolve at least to survive Gail Hamilton.



OMNISCIENCE doubtless knows whether or not Dr. Briggs is guilty, but how much Omniscience cares about it all is another question. The popular feeling is that Omniscience covers enough different persuasions of Presbyterianism to make it a matter of considerable indifference as to which particular corner of which particular pew any particular Presbyterian prefers to occupy. Moreover, the trial makes dull reading in the news-

papers, which is lamentable to the verge of sinfulness, the moreso with a new silver bill on the verge of discussion in Congress, and a tariff measure threatening.



THE land resounds with a more than usually agonizing wail over the decadence of the hired-girl. Newspaper-correspondents, magazine-writers and visiting Britishers unite in attesting that she is scarce, high, and incompetent. What has momentarily become of her is only surmised, but there are some grounds for believing that she has gone to Chicago, where she expects to earn \$10 a week from May to

November. It seems not to have occurred to her that if all the well-to-do American families have to stay at home and cook and do chamber-work, the attendance at the Fair will be so small that the hotels will fail and she will be thrown out of employment. Those of her who have not yet terminated their Eastern engagements are respectfully solicited to regard this complication, and also to take notice that Chicago is so full of dangerous characters just now that it is said to be inadvisable for unprotected females to walk in the streets.

IT'S a scuttled ship the Democrats will have to man next March. In her bottom will be found two great holes left there by the former crew. The larger one—through which escapes the monstrous and appalling sum annually to be paid for pensions—the Democrats will find it hard work to stop. Matters have reached a point though, where the people of the United States will back up Mr. Cleveland and his government in even the most radical action they may take to deal with this serious situation. In fact it will be an immediate and urgent duty incumbent on Mr. Cleveland's administration to review the whole question of pensions and devise a way of stopping an extravagance which makes it look as though Uncle Sam might be forced to pawn his watch.

THE silver question is capable of easier solution if it be dealt with promptly. If the coinage be stopped at once this country is large enough and strong enough to maintain the present token value of the silver dollar, but the action must be immediate. There are signs already that the Gresham law is beginning its inevitable work. The constant outflow of gold is explained first by one temporary condition and then by another, but the fact remains that gold is continually going away from us and not coming back. It is only a matter of a little time before the other nations of the earth will leave us the only one to use the kind of wampum which our silver-miners are forcing on us.



"IT IS SO HARD TO KNOW WHAT TO GIVE ARTHUR FOR CHRISTMAS! I'VE GIVEN HIM A MANICURE SET AND AN AFTER-NOON TEA SET. I THINK THIS YEAR I WILL BUY HIM A LOUIS QUINZE CLOCK; MY CHAMBER IS LOUIS QUINZE, YOU KNOW."

NOT ACCORDING TO HOYLE.

"CUPID is the little joker
In the game of love," said he,
"But the ugly Jack of Diamonds
Takes more hearts," responded she.

LEARNED SOMETHING ANYWAY.

TOM KEYES: Have you given
up the idea of taking singing
lessons?

CARRIE D'ALTO: Yes. I found it
would take me three years to learn to
sing as well as I thought I sang
already.

FRESH YOUNG MAN (to pretty typewriter): Is this
Mr. Jones's office?

PRETTY TYPEWRITER (laconically): Next door.

F. Y. M. (anxious to continue conversation): How do I
get in?

P. T.: Turn the knob and open the door.



LOVE LEVELS ALL.

Young Lady: WE CAN NEVER WED. THINK OF OUR POSITIONS
IN SOCIETY. YOU AN O'SHAUGHNESSY, AN' ME A SIMPLE DUFFY?

Young Man (solemnly): I HAVE SAID I WILL MARRY YOU" AND
I WILL. WHEN DID A O'SHAUGHNESSY EVER BREAK HIS WORD?
THE OATH IS REGISTERED!

IN A PASTORAL COUNTRY.

ISABEL had spent the most of her five years on a cattle
ranch, and while at her grandfather's home in the city,
she was taken to Sunday School for the first time.

The teacher told the story of Lot's wife, and Isabel listened
very attentively. The teacher ended the story by saying,
"For all I know, the pillar of salt may be there now."

"Say, was that a cattle country?" asked Isabel.

"Yes; I think so," replied the teacher.

"Well, let me tell you," with an air of superior knowledge,
"those cattle would have licked her up long ago."

A SELF INTERESTED PRESCRIPTION.

UNCLE RASTUS: Want to know how to cure that
wart, sonny? Take a dime an' throw it over your
shoulder an' walk away. You mustn't look after it, an' you
mustn't know where it went.

CHARLIE: Well, I
guess I'll try it some other
time, uncle. If I threw it
over my shoulder while
you were around I'm
afraid I would know
where it had gone.

PATIENT: And you
attribute my trouble
to smoking?

DOCTOR: Yes.

PATIENT: Oh, doctor,
must I give up my cigars?

DOCTOR: Yes, and get
a better brand.



"CHRISTMAS TIDE."



Sunday School Teacher: WHY DO WE SAY JESUS OF NAZARETH?

Thoughtful Boy: JUST AS YOU WOULD SAY MR. POTTER OF TEXAS OR MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK.

A KNOCK-OUT IN TWO ROUNDS.

SUPERINTENDENT BYRNES seems to have made a mistake when he undertook to have some fun with Dr. Parkhurst. The fun was all there, only it was not on Mr. Byrnes's side.

Mr. Byrnes began the fight, and the result reminds one of the little boy who tickled the hind legs of a mule. The reverend gentleman, while wiping up the floor with the careless superintendent on questions of fact, remarked incidentally:

"In his new statement Mr. Byrnes jumps from vituperation to theology. If possible, he is a worse theologian than he is a Police Superintendent. The Gospel requires us to deal leniently with sinners. Mr. Byrnes deals leniently with sin, which is another matter. His business is to make law majestic, and he doesn't. He makes it contemptible; he plays with infractions of it, and, unless the March Grand Jury was utterly at fault, stands at the head of a department that coins wealth out of the very vices it is constituted to suppress."

Dr. Parkhurst has the best wishes of good citizens who, although they may not always approve of his style of fighting, appreciate his sincerity and the value of his work.

He may be surprised that the eminently respectable *New York Times* should speak of him as an "amateur reformer" and boast that his crusade "has, indeed, angered and annoyed the whole police force, but it has not endangered a single member of it, or even reduced his income." But let him not be discouraged. He may even find rest and refreshment in guessing at the relations between the *Times* and the Superintendent of Police. As a moral engine the *Times* in this matter is a very successful joke on itself.

TWO DOLLARS WORTH OF BOSTON.
SCENE: *A Long Distance Telephone office in New York. Clerk in charge. Enter, a Man in a Hurry.*

MAN IN A HURRY: Can I telephone to Boston here?

CLERK: Yes, sir.

MAN IN A HURRY: How much do you charge?

CLERK: Two dollars for five minutes conversation.



Senator Adiposus: THOU KNAVE; THOU SON OF EVIL; THOU SERPENT; THOU —



Gladiator Elasticus (the human snake): STOP THERE!

MAN IN A HURRY: All right. Ring up Boston and get me the Public Library.

Whirr-r-r-r.

CLERK (*in 'phone*): Hello! Give me Boston. (*Pause.*) Hello! Boston? I want the Public Library. (*Pause.*) Hello! Public Library? Here you are, sir.

MAN IN A HURRY (*in 'phone*): Hello! Is this Boston?

VOICE IN 'PHONE: —

MAN IN A HURRY: Of course. I know that. I didn't think I was talking to the whole city. Where are you at?

VOICE IN 'PHONE: —

MAN IN A HURRY: Confound your impudence! I didn't ask you anything about ending sentences with prepositions. I want the Public Library.

VOICE IN 'PHONE: —

MAN IN A HURRY: Well, why didn't you say so, at first? We haven't got no time in New York for prepositions. Tell—What's that?

VOICE IN 'PHONE: —

MAN IN A HURRY (*shouting at the top of his voice*): Jumping Jupiter! Do you suppose I'm going to pay twenty-four dollars an hour to have you teach me grammar through a telephone?

CLERK (*interposing*): If you talk in an ordinary tone of voice, sir, you will be heard much better.

MAN IN A HURRY: Confound you, let me alone! I'm talking to an idiot two hundred miles out of my reach.

CLERK (*apologetically*): Excuse me, sir.

MAN IN A HURRY: Hello! Boston Public Library! I want to talk on a matter of great importance with Mr. Smith.

VOICE IN 'PHONE: —

MAN IN A HURRY: Smith. S-M-I-T-H, Smith!

VOICE IN 'PHONE: —

MAN IN A HURRY: By all that's—excuse me! I don't care whether he spells

his name with a Y or an I. IS HE IN?

VOICE IN 'PHONE: —

MAN IN A HURRY (*epileptically*): Then why in thunder and all the elements didn't you say so at first? Geewillikins! If I had you here I'd—

CLERK: Five minutes are up, sir.

Whirr-r-r-r. E. H. Graham Dewey.



I DENY ALL.—



THE LAST.—



EXCEPT.—



A D RANG

ALLEGATION.

BOOKISHNESS

THE STORY OF SITUATION.

A NEWSPAPER critic reached the conclusion not long ago that "The Story of Situation must go!"—which was, probably, the first news to the readers of that paper that "The Story of Situation" had arrived. A fireside critic meant the same thing when he said that "the men and women writing stories nowadays are too clever in saying nothing;" and the fair woman across the hearth added: "Yes, they are all gravy and no meat." It was the daughter of the house who demurred a little to the condemnation by saying: "But it is very good gravy, and the truffles and mushrooms are just right."

It is, probably, the daughters of the house who are the great promoters of "The Story of Situation" everywhere. A young woman of gentle breeding likes to think unutterable heroisms, and do nothing—and that is what the young men and women of our short stories are mostly engaged in. These heroic idlenesses would not be impressive if they were set in poverty; the thing that makes them important to the daughter of the house is that the setting is so perfectly correct. "You can really learn how to spend fifty thousand a year with dignity from Higleef's stories," said one of his devoted admirers, and the perfect machinery of her reception showed that she was learning her lesson well. Not more than one-tenth of Higleef's readers have anything like fifty thousand a year, but the rest of them are very inquisitive American girls, who want to know how you would feel if you were spending that much with dignity. Truffles and Buttons are having their day, as they did in the times of Dicky Steele—and it is very amusing to the gentlewomen.

BUT the men are beginning to kick vigorously. What they are apt to say about it is that "it is stupid, bad art," or the "sort of stuff that drives a sane man to reading the Sunday newspapers for recreation"—which is in the category of the frying-pan and fire. What they *think* down in the bottom of their hearts is what a plain-spoken club bachelor ventured to say to a group who openly derided him, but secretly agreed with him: "The trouble is," said the Counsellor, "that these eligible young women are reading stories and novels of a fifty-thousand dollar calibre, and mighty

few of us can play the limit. They believe that they can't be romantic, let alone heroic, without a golden background. They are nice, sensible girls, most of them, but they must change their literary diet, or this particular crowd will be eating club dinners all its life. Do you want the State to have a five per cent. collateral inheritance tax from our combined fortune? The only alternatives are matrimony or blowing it all in while we live. Waiter, take the orders."

THE greatest crisis in the life of the heroine of the modern story is when she is called upon to choose from a half dozen millionaires, the man she



He: WOMAN, THY NAME IS FRAILTY.

She: IF IT WASN'T, SHE'D NEVER CONSENT TO CHANGE IT.

really loves. That is the supreme test to which all her fine feeling, her culture, her character is put.

In the days of our national poverty the popular novel was built on the "all for love and the world well lost" principle, and it caused a great deal of unnecessary trouble to the small minority of young men who had the misfortune to be rich, and were rejected by all the best girls. That is why the old bachelors of fifty, or thereabouts, are so rich and cynical.

The coming writer, if he is wise, will do something to idealize the man with a moderate income.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

STUDENT AND SINGER. The Reminiscences of Charles Santley. New York: Macmillan and Company.

The Girls and I. By Mrs. Molesworth. London: Macmillan and Company.

Under Summer Skies. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Charles L. Webster and Company.

Valeria and Other Poems. By Harriet Monroe. Chicago: A. C. McClung and Company.

Aux Montagnes d'Auvergne. By the Count de Chambrun. Paris: Calman Lévy.

A Stumble on the Threshold. By James Payn. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Literary Gems, Fourth Series. Six volumes, comprising "Charity and Humor," by Thackeray; "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," etc., Gray; "Rip Van Winkle," etc., Irving; "The Rivals," Sheridan; "Thanatopsis," etc., Bryant; "L'Allegro," etc., Milton. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Devil's Gold. By Oscar F. G. Day. Chicago: Morrill, Higgins and Company.



THE KNIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



Miss B. (at the piano): I CAN TELL YOU, WE CHICAGO PEOPLE BELIEVE IN MAKING THE MOST OF THIS LIFE.

Miss S.: YES? TO WHAT DO YOU REFER PARTICULARLY?

Miss B.: WHY, YOU KNOW THAT IN HEAVEN THERE IS NO MARRYING OR GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

A PARTING INJUNCTION.

YOUNG CALLOWE: I expect to start for London and Paris to-morrow. Can I do anything for you?

PRUNELLA: Yes; be sure not to miss your steamer.

REV. TOMMY ROT: My friend, are you doing anything for your fellow men?

REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR: I am helping to make LIFE bright for thousands whom I never saw.



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THE BALL OF NEW YORK.
AT MR. DIAMONSTEIN'S.



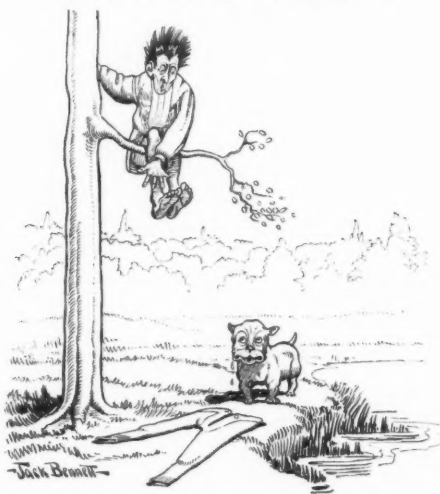
Course, if the programme says that "The Isle of Champagne" is a comic opera we are bound to believe it. As to its being an opera there may be room for dispute. It contains music, neither very original nor very pleasing, so we shall probably have to admit that it comes under the elastic title of opera. But as to its comicality there is no question. It isn't comic. It tries to be but it fails, except in spots. These spots are where the authors have availed themselves of their memories in the insertion of funny matter. It *is* funny, but

when one has laughed at a jest several times in days gone by, subsequent laughter, if not entirely impossible, is produced only with great effort. In addition many of the would-be funny lines of the piece are put in the mouths of would-be funny people who are not at all funny, and never could be funny no matter how hard they tried.

Barring these defects "The Isle of Champagne" is really quite attractive. The costumes and scenery are cleverly contrived and the groupings and dancing are brilliant and effective. The principal parts are well cast. Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke is an excellent comedian and the burden of the work falls upon his shoulders. He does the best he can with the material at his command, and in a few spots makes the piece seem humorous. Miss Landes to a pleasing appearance joins a sympathetic mezzo voice, which she manages with considerable skill. With the exception of Miss Elvia Crox, a young lady of more vivacity than art, the cast is pretty poor.

WE often are told of the sad things doctors, lawyers and ministers have to encounter in the pursuit of their professions. But the dramatic critic also is obliged sometimes to come up against sorrowful occasions in the line of his work. One of these was the production of "The Prodigal Father" at the Broadway last week. To see a number of earnest people working with all their might and pinning their

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hopes to a new theatrical venture and then to see all their work go to naught and their hopes blasted is really a pathetic event.

* * *

IT'S too bad Messrs. Kelly and Leon have gone out of business. At the close of their minstrel performance they used to give burlesques of current plays. They would have made a burlesque of Zola's "Therèse" even more humorous than the one presented at the Union Square Theatre by Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellevue.

There is this to be said of Zola's books: They may be unsavory but they are at least serious, and are sober studies of real, though repulsive, phases of French character. To the play of "Therèse" not even the small virtue of seriousness attaches. Through what should be its strongest scenes the

ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEEK.



DECEMBER 21, 1851.

AUSTRALIAN GOLD ARRIVES IN ENGLAND.



A HUNDRED YEARS OF PROGRESS.

audience giggles and the players respond with sympathetic smiles.

The whole performance is a vulgar exhibition of what a vulgar spirit of dramatic enterprise will provide to satisfy vulgar curiosity and vulgar taste. It is quite possible that "Thérèse" will make money. If it does the fact will be creditable to neither the people who pay the money, nor those who receive it.

Of the acting there is little to say. Mr. Bellew is, as of yore, ostensibly and always an actor. As formerly he is apparently anxious to have his audience know that they are seeing Mr. Bellew act a part instead of attempting to sink his individuality in the character. Mrs. Potter knows more than when she caused *Cleopatra* to commit suicide, and seems quite adequate to the not exacting part of *Thérèse*.

Metcalf.

MISS WESTEND: Then you don't believe that Adam and Eve really lived in Paradise?

MR. MURRAY HILL: Oh, yes, they must have lived in Paradise—they didn't have to keep servants.

"IT'S all very well," said the grave-digger, "to advise a young man to begin at the bottom, and work up, but in my business it ain't practicable."

"TOM," she whispered, "Suppose I should die."
There's no suppose about it," responded Tom, you've got to—some day."



THE DEADLY BANANA SKIN.

Boy (to party who has come to grief): BEEN TAKIN' A DRINK WITH THE BOYS, EH? YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF AT YOUR TIME OF LIFE TO GET INTO SUCH A CONDITION. AN' YOU'RE THE FATHER OF A FAMILY, I DARE SAY.

· LIFE ·



THE constant drop of water
Wears away the hardest stone;
The constant gnaw of Towser
Masticates the toughest bone;
The constant cooing lover
Carries off the blushing maid;
And the constant advertiser
Is the one who gets the trade.

—Wahoo Wasp.

FIRST BOY: You ought to come to the concert our music-teacher is goin' to give.
SECOND BOY: You goin' to be in?
FIRST BOY: Yep. I'm one of the primmer donas. We're goin' to give a cantata.
SECOND BOY: Wot's that?
FIRST BOY: Oh, it's all about sunshine and storms, and picnics, and harvesters, and all sorts of country things. It's great.
SECOND BOY: Do you sing all that?

FIRST BOY: N-no. I'm only in the first scene. "Early mornin' on the farm."
SECOND BOY: What do you do?
FIRST BOY: I crow.—*Good News.*

BULFINCH: Do you know, I think girls are such original people.
MISS SMILAX: What makes you say that?
BULFINCH: Well, I was at a little party the other night and a girl was holding forth on the terrible impropriety of being kissed, and a little, innocent, blue eyed girl said she thought so, too, and that not only would she never permit such a thing, but she never had been kissed in all her life, except by her father.
MISS SMILAX: Well, I admit that was possibly a trifle unusual, but I don't see anything so very remarkable about it.
BULFINCH: Well, you see, I'd just been out in the dining-room with her to get a drink of water and I'd kissed her eighteen times.—*Boston Courier.*

JONES: I'm going to bring my wife round to call on you to-night.
SMITH: That's right; but do me a favor, old man. Don't let her wear her new sealskin cloak; I don't want my wife to see it just now.
JONES (*grimly*): Why, that's what we are coming for!—*Exchange.*

THE PROFESSOR (*in the Five O'Clock Ladies' Culture and Water-crackers Society*): Monopoly, then, may be defined as the exclusive control by certain agencies of desirable opportunities denied to others. Now, Miss Oldish, please name a monopoly.
MISS OLDISH (*still unasked*): Er—love.—*Chicago News Record.*

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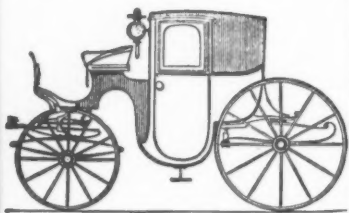
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SILAS: Well, Hiram, what's the good word?

HIRAM: Gosh all hemlock! thar ain't no gooo word! This is the third mornin' the caow's kicked over my milk pail; and the speckled rooster's got a shingle nail stuck in his crop.

SILAS: Well, ye ain't got nobody to blame but yerself; I told ye heow 't would be, if ye voted for the dim-micrats.—Boston Courier.

TUFF MUGGS: Gee! Here comes de cop, an' it's too late to run.

BARYL HOWES: Hol' on; I'll fix 'im. By gosh! Hog wash! Some slosh! Ham fat! Ding bat! Raw! Hoo! Raw!

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